

Wichita Daily Eagle

CALENDAR FOR 1894.

JANUARY	JULY
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RAILROAD TIME TABLES

ATKINSON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RR.

THAINS	ARRIVE	LEAVE
NORTH AND EAST.		
No. 44 Kansas City Express.	11:05 a.m.	11:15 a.m.
No. 48 Chicago Vestibule Express.	9:05 p.m.	9:15 p.m.
No. 48 Englewood Accom.	9:05 p.m.	9:15 p.m.
No. 48 Local Freight.	9:05 p.m.	9:15 p.m.
SOUTH AND WEST.		
No. 46 Gladiolus City and Fort Worth Express.	6:55 a.m.	6:55 a.m.
No. 46 Fort Worth and Gladiolus City Express.	6:55 a.m.	6:55 a.m.
No. 46 Local Freight.	6:55 a.m.	6:55 a.m.

WICHITA AND WESTERN.

THAINS	ARRIVE	DEPART
No. 416 Multiville and Kingman.	10:30 a.m.	
No. 416 Kingman and Multiville.		1:30 p.m.
No. 416 Local Freight.	10:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THAINS	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago and Kansas City Express.	8:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
St. Louis and Kansas City Express.	11:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
St. Louis and Kansas City Express.	11:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.

THE TABLE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC.

THAINS	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago and Kansas City Express.	8:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
St. Louis and Kansas City Express.	11:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
St. Louis and Kansas City Express.	11:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.

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DR. J. E. BENNETT.



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Golden Eagle Suit Sale

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METAL TIES ON RAILROADS.

They Owe Their Origin to French Thought.

Speaking of metal railroad ties generally, it may not be amiss to recall the fact that they owe their origin to French thought, having been proposed some thirty odd years ago by the French engineer Vautherin. Little was done, however, with the early Vautherin sleeper, since it was soon found to be inadequately meet the requirements of actual service and to increase rather than decrease, as intended, the expense and trouble of track maintenance. About seven hundred of the ties were laid on one of the small German railroads in the year 1867, but were replaced after a short time by the conventional wooden variety. In 1874 new experiments were made on the same line with somewhat thicker metal ties. About twenty-five thousand of them were put down and in the main proved quite satisfactory, some of them probably being still in place, so that the trials, on the whole, may be said to have been successful.

Since 1877 the number of metal-tie designs has grown apace and for several years past there has been an embarrassing variety from which to choose, each type of tie, of course, being claimed to be the best by its designer, while few of them could boast of actual, time-tried performance as a fair measure of worth. Probably the best results abroad with metal ties have been obtained with what is known as the Heindt tie, which has been in continued successful use for about ten years on several German and Austrian railroads. None of the defects of the frequent fracture of the ties themselves and of rapid deterioration of the road-bed on which they are laid—defects which are said to have been prominent on some lines where they were used—notably in Belgium—has there been reached on these lines that the superiority of the metal over the wooden one is definitely established.

On one of the Austrian railroads—the Kaiser Ferdinand Northern—a strictly comparative series of trials were made on a long length of road and extended over a full period of nearly ten years above noted, two parallel sections of line being equipped, one with the Heindt ties and the other with ordinary wooden ones. The traffic conditions on both of the track sections were practically identical, and expense records, which were carefully kept, showed, as the result of the several years of observation, a materially decreased expense account for the metal-tie section. At the same time the ties were found to be still practically as good as new, while the competing oak ties were in a much deteriorated state, notwithstanding that they had been treated with chloride of zinc, an admittedly excellent preservative—Casier's Magazine.

In Training.

Harris—Curry hit me for a V to-day. Strange—he tried to hit me, but I managed to narry the blow—Truth.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A COSTLY KISS.

The Serious Consequences of Meeting an Iceberg.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp," and a heavy pair of boots came down the stone steps of the officers' quarters at Silverbridge. A kick at the door roused Capt. Kay from the perusal of a writ just served.

"Come in, come in," don't stand shouting outside. Look at my new portrait."

A couple of Clumber spaniels heralded Leigh, the young subaltern of the—th Foot.

He looks cautiously round the door, and laughs lustily at the decoration of writs and summonses with which Lulu has just paneled his door.

"Well, you have good ideas. That's the most sporting decoration I've seen for a long time."

"It's all very well, Leigh, to laugh at it. You're a rich fellow, you've got rich relations to fall back upon; but I'm a poor devil, I don't find a good word for my creditors, I shall have to cut the service. I'm awfully down on my luck about it."

"What about the ball to-night? I'm going to drive over some time after tea if you like, I'll give you a lift."

"Well, I don't feel much like dancing."

"You'll feel all right when you get there."

"Very well, I'll be ready at ten sharp."

"Miss Betty Dormer is in form to-night. She looks splendid. I've never known a girl that changes so much. I must have last night and she looked positively ugly."

"What the girl in yellow? Curious looking; I shouldn't call her ugly by any means—looks elegant—pretty stuff."

"Stiff! No, I can't say that. She's got plenty to say for herself. I call her very amusing, and she dances—here the young fellow raised his voice and eyes to add meaning to his words—"like an angel."

"Hellos, Leigh!"

"Nonsense, hellos! Nothing of the sort. Come upstairs; I'll introduce you. I warn you, though, you won't care much about her."

"And why not?"

"She's not your sort. She'll talk and she'll laugh and she'll dance, that's all."

"And why don't I care about her, if she does all that?"

"My good fellow, we all know you, and, taking his friend confidently by the arm, he said, importantly: "She won't kiss you. She's a perfect iceberg; you don't believe me—try for yourself. I've known her ever since she's been out. Ask anybody, you'll hear the same thing—charming; but, I repeat, an iceberg," and Leigh shrugged his shoulders.

Key looked up the wide staircase once more at the pretty girl standing in the doorway of the ballroom, her simple, long yellow gown whirling gracefully round her as the movement of the valse had left it.

She had evidently been dancing quickly and left off suddenly, for she was standing herself against a pillar, and the large yellow roses and the ribbons in the bosom of her gown betrayed her breathlessness. She was not beautiful, but there was a charm about her that was very attractive, and made her conspicuous even in that throng.

Key stopped on the landing and meditatively drew on his gloves.

"What do you bet," he said quickly, "that I transform the iceberg into a volcano before the evening is over?"

"Wouldn't bet—can't on a certainty, it'd be robbing you," Leigh answered, laughing.

"Leave that to me. Do you take my bet?"

"I lay you three hundred to one you don't kiss her to-night."

"Of her own free will, mind you."

"Of her own free will. You know the glass terrace that runs along the front of the house—at one o'clock you go behind the curtain that leads into the music room. They are not using it to-night." Leigh's shouts of laughter almost drowned the last words. "Now introduce me."

"Miss Betty Dormer, may I introduce Capt. Kay to you?"

Miss Dormer inclined her head, and said: "How do you do?"

Key looked into her eyes intently.

"May I have a dance?"

She handed him the programme of the dances. He took this as a signal of trust, and proceeded to write his name against several of the dances. He was astonished that she never even glanced at the programme, but bade him "hand it on to Mr. Leigh."

"You will forget," he remonstrated, "which you have given me if you do not look."

"Provided you remember, Capt. Kay, I need not."

"So the first round has missed," thought Lulu, as he moved away to make room for some other men who were waiting to talk to her. He went some distance away and took stock of his victims.

The first bars of "Toujours on jamaïs" rang out; the looked cool and self-possessed with the usual busy ballroom traffic all around her; the men running about eagerly looking for their partners, consulting their programmes, so anxious not to mistake a plain for a pretty woman, a heavy for a light dancer; of conversation there is hardly any question. He returned to her and whisked her away; she greeted him with an amused smile.

"Isn't it ugly?" she said. "It looks like Paddington station on a summer Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, only the guards are waiting to show you to your carriage."

"All the pretty girls first class, the amusing second, the heavy third!" She laughed at her own witticisms. "I should get into the guard's van, I do so dislike crowds."

"A shill be the guard, then?"

"Whereupon Capt. Kay stopped dancing and without more ado led her to a corridor, where comfortably arm-chairs and divans temptingly invited one to chat and rest, and great pyramids of ice hidden among the flowers cooled the somewhat overheated atmosphere of the house. Drawing out an easy chair he put her into it. "There, that's better; here we will sit and let them dance. We will amuse ourselves."

"You will amuse me. I shall take a holiday. You look as though you could talk. I shall listen."

"I can't be amusing to you."

"Have you brought down here to be rude to me? If so, well go back."

"Heaven forbid; you will stop here. I will have my way; you are comfortable and it is very nice. There will be a rush for this place in a moment, so let us enjoy the quiet."

"Does that mean that we are to sit here without talking? I can't do that for long. I am a terrible talker."

With an effort Kay pulled himself together. He interested him so that he forgot the stakes, and it was already past eleven o'clock.

"It means that I have found you, and shall not risk losing you again just yet; you must stay here."

"Oh! Oh! How about this?" She pointed to her card.

"I'll make that all right. My name is down for the next four dances. See—there and there."

"You did not do that, did you?" Her eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"And I shall go on filling it up—there's an end to doubt and no escape."

Miss Dormer laughed and rose quickly. So did Kay, and taking her hand pressed her again into his seat. For a moment she resented his tyranny; an angry flush rose to her face. However, an appealing look from Kay seemed to settle the matter, and with a little sigh she subsided again into the cushions.

He took a few steps toward a window and stood there, wondering what should be his next move. So far, so good; but now, what was to come next, and time was flying. Turning suddenly he met her eyes resting on him with a quiet, troubled expression, and his conscience smote him. For half a second the man's chivalry struggled with his lower nature. The latter triumphed, for he was hard pressed for money—he must either have money or must cut the service—his career depended on the next hour.

"I can't understand," he continued, truthfully, "what I feel about you. You have fascinated me completely. He seized her hand violently. "You little witch, how have you done it?"

"What nonsense are you talking? This is not my first ball."

For all that she was sipping the honey from his words. He saw her weakness and profited therefrom.

"You are wrong, you simple little fellow, this is no nonsense. I have heard of such things as love at first sight—sudden and fervent."

She looked doubtful.

"Little skeptic! Yes, I have; poets sing of it, novelists are full of it."

"Novelists never draw from life."

"Now, don't laugh at me. You hurt me. I am no man of the world who can talk platitudes with my heart so full. Your frown can't stop me; you see how it is with me."

This thin young man here interrupted the conversation, and carried Betty off; she rose slowly, much disinclined to acknowledge his claim. As she walked leisurely along the passage on her partner's arm, she glanced back with a little regretful grimace that betwined Kay, who followed them, and a low "Curse the fellow!" escaped him.

He went into the deserted refreshment room and tossed down a brandy and soda, and another, and another. It tickled him that there were only three quarters of an hour left, and here he was wasting precious moments dancing with another. What had he achieved? Nothing. She had charmed him, but that was mere feeble sentiment. His work was cut out for him, and he was determined to go through with it. Idiots called her cold, soulless. Dear little thing, with her winning manner and lovely eyes and gleaming white teeth, and to crown all, with such a smile! He swore to himself that he was a funny sort of a chap, and therefore didn't like the job; but what, after all, was a kiss to her?—and three hundred pounds would save him from ruin—a kiss and a career—the balance was distinctly uneven. If only the brandies and sodas would drown his very small remnant of conscience! Ah! at last here she was.

"Why have you been so long with that idiot? I do believe you were going to prolong my agony and were going to supper with him."

She nodded assent.

"Don't be fretful," she said, smiling, "you shall have your reward."

Willingly he mistook her meaning. "Then come with me." Leaving the crowd to struggle down to supper, they went through the hall and boudoir to the glass covered terrace that ran along the front of the house, where the Chinese lanterns flickered only dimly, making the white statues peep ghostlike from among the palms and flowers. Here Capt. Kay seated her on a marble seat and watched her try, by reading her original indifference, to hide her timidity.

"And now, Miss Dormer, for my reward."

Her changed manner annoyed him, for he calculated at this rate would take some three or four minutes to reach the climax, and by that time Leigh would be triumphant behind the curtain.

"We could have chatted quite as well upstairs; it is cold and uncanny here. I hate the statues."

"Who wants to chat, Betty? I want my reward," he urged.

"You are having it, and it is quite your own fault if it is not in a cozier place. I don't like it. Take me back."

"No! until you have fulfilled your promise."

"What? I have made no promise."

"A moment ago you spoke of my reward. You are fickle like the rest. One moment you are human. The next moment you repeat. Why do you torture me? What have I done to you that you should treat me so?"

She rose quickly, but following her he seized both her hands in his fiercely. "I want a kiss," he murmured.

"You mad!" Her voice trembled with the struggle to free herself from his grasp.

"Why did you allow me to talk to you so if my sudden love for you hadn't awakened some feeling in you?"

The minutes were scampering toward the decisive hour. His pleading was useless; alive to the fruitlessness of his efforts to break through her conventional manner, he grew more and more excited, and groped around wildly in his mind for some strategy, some lie to coax her with. The girl troubled him; he felt her worth and cursed his fate that she was not made of the ordinary ballroom stuff.

"Love," she scoffed. "Two hours ago we had never met, and now—and now—the words, choked her—"it is an insult."

A groan escaped him, and a long, slow sigh—"Here we soldiers take for long wooing? Here to-day and gone to-morrow." This sentimentality, expressed in hoarse, trembling tones, called forth a gleam of pity in her lovely eyes. He recognized the effect of his words, and a footstep in the empty room adjoining roused him into action. At last he collected his wits, and had this plausible lie. Glibly, in low, gasping sentences, he spoke to her: "I am under sailing orders. I leave to-morrow for Burma. She muttered something inaudible. "I may be ordered to the front, and if I were not, the climate is as bad an enemy as the bullets. I love you, I tell you I love you. I am a poor man. A soldier's pittance is all I have, but I love you, and the thought of you will help me to live as a man should live to be worthy of such a woman as you are. Betty, listen to me, I ask so little—a kiss—a token that I may come back when I have my majority and ask you to take pity on me. Have I no chance of winning your love? Say yes; give me a glimmer of hope—he charitable; yes, I know you are proud, reserved, a perfect mind and a perfect soul—that makes me love you more a thousand times. What can it harm you to kiss me and say 'God bless you.' Once out there and my life is not worth an hour's purchase."

"Hush! If anyone were to see you here holding my hands! Let us go back. Collect yourself. You will regret all your words. You are impetuous, fanciful. Hush! I hear footsteps."

Instinctively Kay felt that five minutes was all he had. Desperately, and in sober earnest, he flung her hands away so that she staggered against the bench. "You have no heart—you are cold. They are right to say you are made of ice. Because I have not waited a fortnight and ran after you before all the world, you tell me my love for you is an insult. I love you, I say, and because your friends don't see me courting you, you refuse to listen. I beg your pardon, I am wrong, perhaps, and you answer that you hear footsteps, that some one might see us—and you call yourself a woman!"

She was moved—the ice had melted, and the laughing Miss Dormer's eyes glowed with an unusual light, a radiance that betrayed her good woman's heart was touched—that his tempestuous pleading had awakened a "something" that impelled her to obey his lover's request, and throw her pretty arms around him.

Her lips met his in a long, passionate kiss! He held her close to him, until with a sobbing, shuddering sigh, she disengaged herself.

The rustle of her heavy silk skirts on the tessellated floor, as she moved somewhat wearily along the terrace in front of him, worried his nerves and set his teeth on edge.

The clock in the hall pealed out shrilly the quarters—one—two—three—four—and the triumphant shrieking—One! And Capt. Kay was saved.

Mr. Leigh, being young, had not been through sufficient ballroom campaigns to have learned how much champagne he could take in one evening without getting to that happy borderland between waking and dreaming, which he very technically called "sideways on." After his sixth supper he became garrulous, and a brother officer put him gently into his trap and drove him home.

"Say, old chap—let me drink to you my luck—just look a clear three hundred pounds sterling to that devil Kay. Careless chap, Kay." And out meandered the whole story of the bet, with a detailed and graphic account of what Leigh had heard while waiting behind the curtain door that led into the glass covered terrace.

The unfortunate youth awoke next morning quite unconscious of the effect his story had produced in the smoking-room on the previous night, where he had found two or three fellows still smoking on his return, and had, at his friend Chichester's request, repeated everything, with full particulars as to name and place.

When Lulu lounged lazily, yawning, into the mess-room at luncheon also on that eventful morning, a sudden silence greeted his entrance, and a visible constraint fell upon three or four men present.

"I say, Chichester, supposing you play me a game of billiards after lunch, eh?"

A silence.

Kay looked around the table and added: "What's up with you fellows? You look sour!"

At that moment young Mr. Leigh came in very sorrow, leaved eyed, and called to the mess waiter with a heavy tongue, to bring him "the devil of a prairie oyster."

When Capt. Kay saw Mr. Leigh in this condition, he understood his brother officers' silence, so, turning on his heel, he whistled an air and left the room.

Extract from the London Gazette.

To be Captain—Lieut. T. Chichester, vice, Capt. Clement Kay, who resigns his commission.—Strand Magazine.